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The Voice of the East

ON

THE GREAT WAR.

BY

RUSTAM B. PAYMASTER, B.A., LL.B.

Author of "The Nazarana" and other Poems

Bombay:

1916

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MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

By Kind Permission,

TO

THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON.

MOST noble Lord and Lady Willingdon,
Who by your kind acts Bombay's heart have won,
The millions of this Presidency vast,
Of every race and colour, creed and caste,
The rich and well-to-do and poorest ev'n,
Princes and peasants, all have freely giv'n
"Their bit," and shown without a moment's pause,
Full confidence in justice of the Cause,
Each one so cheerfully has brought his share,
Nor flinched from duty in such moments rare.
What priceless contribution you have made,
By foemen's "frightful" fury undismayed,—
Your noble son, who was your flowering hope.
At Duty's call went down the mystic slope

Of death, upon the glorious battlefield,
Ay, not in vain did he his life thus yield ;
So young, so full of promise, soon was lost,
Like to the budding rose killed by the frost.
Few, few the years he on this earth sojourned,
For whom this Province hath so deeply mourned ;
Flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone you've giv'n,
Him who did once your hopeful hearts enliv'n.
For all you've felt and suffered, all you've done,
The people justly love you as their own,
Whose hearts are yours, whose duty is your word,
Whose faith in your intent remains unstirre'd.

R. B. PAYMASTER.

FOREWORD

It is with pleasure that I write these few words of preface to Mr. R. B. Paymaster's lines. I can scarcely feel that he needs any introduction to the Bombay public. Yet perhaps that public may be the better for a reminder that they owe him some real gratitude. He belongs to the very small number of those who try to keep alive in our city the love of things spiritual and things beautiful. In proportion to the million of our population there is very little æsthetic or intellectual life in Bombay. If the Muses still live beyond the skies they must hear the name of this city with shudder. However, they have a few humble friends and amongst them we must count the name of Mr. Paymaster. He has boldly confronted the many problems of the task he has set himself, to write verse in a foreign language, to deal with set themes and those of a public character. Some of the greatest of English poets have failed in efforts of this kind, the reader must therefore judge these verses generously and not be censorious if he finds in them (what he will find in Dryden) some prosaic lines. Along with these he will find much that is vigorous and spirited and quite remarkable as the work of a foreigner.

In the dark hours through which the world is now passing, we may welcome the bright optimism of Mr. Paymaster and his contribution towards harmony and union in Indian politics. I trust he will find sympathisers and readers.

J. NELSON FRASER.

PREFACE

The verses contained in this booklet were published in some of the local news-papers from time to time as the incidents which called them forth took place in the greatest War the world has known. They are collected in the present form with a view to show what loyal and passionate sentiments of devotion to the Throne the War has evoked in the hearts of the people of India, who have stood up to a man to co-operate in the cause of the King and the Empire, a cause the righteousness of which has been acknowledged with one accord throughout the length and breadth of India.

The Princes as well as the people of India have approached the foot of His Majesty's Throne with spontaneous offer of their lives and their resources in the cause of the Empire and their 'one-voiced demand to be foremost in the conflict" has touched the heart of His Gracious Majesty, as declared in his loving Message to them.

May the War come to a speedy and satisfactory termination, proclaiming the triumph of the high principles that have inspired the Allies in opposing the forces of barbarous Prussian militarism!

August 4, 1916.

R. B. P.

P. S.—My best acknowledgments are due to Professor Nelson Fraser M.A., Principal of the Secondary Training College, Pombay, for his kindness in writing the Foreword.

R. B. P.

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THE KING'S MESSAGE.

(AUGUST 18, 1914.)

KING George the Fifth, our noble Emperor bless'd,
In winged words his valiant troops addressed :—
"Your home, your king, your country you should leave
For field of battle, glory to achieve.
With main and might, for your own country fight,
For Empire's safety, honour and for right ;
Like dauntless Belgians, trusted, true Allies,
Whose great courageous stand we so much prize.
Brave Belgians to defend we pledge have giv'n,
Though earth should rend or heav'n itself be riv'n.
For better far than bond is England's word,
In cause of weak and helpless States when heard.
Rathe break her back than that her word be broke,
Or all her kingdoms lost at one fell stroke.
The German foe his army first arrayed
'Gainst Liège, hastens now to France invade.

In you my soldiers, I have fullest trust,
You have just wrath, and I my quarrel just.
Your watch-word Duty, Duty nobly done,
Your motto honour, glory, bravely won.
Your movements I will mark where'er you be,
Your progress I will follow eagerly.
Both day and night to you my thoughts will fly,—
Your weal or woe, defeat or victory !
To bless my soldiers bold to God I'll pray,
From their own country dear though far away.
Serve well your king, your country and your God,
Your deeds be such, " clear conscience" may applaud.
Brave soldiers ! march, and earnest fight begin,
Or do or die, but Victory's laurels win."

* The Kaiser boasted that he had declared the war with " a clear conscience and clean hands !"

THE PARSEES AND THE WAR.

The High Priest of the Parsees, Shams-ul-ulma Dastur Darab Peshotan Sanjana B.A., has exhorted them to take up arms for their King and the Empire when called upon.

(Vide The Times of India, 12th August 1914.)

YE sons of Zal and Rustam, now's the time,
For you to show your loyal zeal sublime.
Take Mazda's name, and quick gird up your loins,
Up ! up ! and do what Duty now enjoins.
Ye Parsees, sooth, the very life-blood owe,
Which in your pure Iranian veins doth flow,
Your flesh and bone and skin, your freedom full,
All to the Providential British Rule !
Can you its untold blessings now miscount ?
Or ev'n its hundred graces dare discount ?
Its priceless boons on you have ceaseless rained,
Nor pearls nor diamonds have such wealth contained.
So, Parsees wake ! when called, for fight prepare,
Unfurl your Gavian * standard in the air !

* Belonging to Gavé, the hero, who fought with Zohak, the tyrant.

Fling the light saddle on your charger's back,
Not one, when called to arms, must spirit lack.
Ay, walk with British soldiers pace to pace,
March to the battle-field with manly grace.
Draw your proud ranks by your brave rulers' side,
Unmindful what in future may be-tide—
What matters it if o'er you mountains slip?
Or foemen's hateful swords your bodies rip?
What matters it if you in sea are drowned,
Or in the air you're shot to plunge aground?
To your great fame brave deeds will e'er redound,
Return or die with lasting glory crowned.
In just and righteous cause your sword unsheath,
To future times your brilliant fame bequeath!

THE WAR.

AN APPEAL TO THE INDIANS

AWAKE ! all Indians ! to the Empire's call !
As faithful subjects give your all in all !
In England's action and in England's fight
'Gainst slaves of greed each one must join with might.
None should forget to give his utmost due,
Be poor or rich, his heart be strong and true !
War's dragon fell his ugly head hath reared,
And sudden from his hideous lair appeared;
Our statesmen wise in true enlightened ways
Now steer our Empire in these darkest days,
What high and noble moral force did move,
On sea and land our strength supreme to prove !
England expects within her Empire vast
Each man to do his duty to the last ;
Or in cool shade or in the scorching Sun,

For her to grudge his share there should be none.
All side by side with Britons now should stand
Against their hated foes—a braggart band—,
Should fight with dash and nerve on Europe's soil,
From their attacks nor flinch nor least recoil.
Britannia's envied throne is firmly based
On Justice, Love and Freedom rightly 'praised
Under the British flag her ships do glide
Unfettered on all oceans far and wide.
How mournful seem the clouds of war adverse,
That hang on the horizon, like a curse !
Let Ranadeva's frenzied fury bate,
Once more old India's honour vindicate.
Proud Victory be yours, brave Indians rise !
The path of Glory in your Duty lies ;
Of sword and fire the horrors soon relieve,
And for the world a lasting peace achieve !

The King Emperor's Message to the Princes and People of India.

"YE Princes, and ye people, of great Ind !
How faithful and devoted, true and kind,
You've proved yourselves in this My hour of need,
And thus have stood so near My heart, indeed !
Th' invasion came so sudden and unsought,
With dire destruction and with danger fraught,
Fair Freedom's firm foundation over-threw,
At one fell swoop, long ere the world ev'n knew.
My sword was cast but in the scale of peace,
My finger raised all strifes but to surcease,
My tongue was moved to kill but spites and hates,
My voice has ever been for weaker States.
My pen did picture horrors of a war
And mis'ry dark that spread from door to door.
Ah, yet the spoiler worked his wicked will,
In Allies' hearts did righteous wrath instil.
He trampled under foot their sacred rights,
Of arrogant conceit flew airy kites.
With what deep insight you the danger grasped,

— And there at once the fiery sword you clasped,
In India no less than the Colonies,
My faithful men,at home, and over-seas,
This grave assault on peace of human kind,
Combined to over-throw with but one mind.
Each unit, standing firmly by My side,
Doth all his fervent hopes in Me confide.
The foe had pledged his solemn word to guard,
Fair Belgium's neutral soil from feuds debarr'd ;
Yet he himself did it thus violate,
And Belgium's cities proud laid desolate.
'Word' is the Aryan's life from age to age,
A sacred *firman*, common heritage.
To vanish such a base perfideous foe,
In this right cause each one now bends his bow.
To prove his great devotion to My Throne,
He leaves his hearth and home and all his own,
Makes offering of his life in time of war,
Of all the best and dearest in his store,
Foremost in turmoil and in travail now
To stand by Me he takes a solemn vow.—"
King George's noble words have set the seal
To India's gratitude, for her great weal.

LORD KITCHENER TO HIS SOLDIERS.

(AUGUST 18, 1914.)

LORD Kitchener's orders thus one day went forth
To show each soldier how to prove his worth,
How act on field as Britain's loyal son,
How friendly hearts on Allies' lands are won :—
"Brave soldiers, these in your own pay-book note,
Hang round your neck, and careful learn by rote ;
And let them, too, in your own ears e'er ring,
Remembering well you're soldiers of the King.
You're sent abroad to help his Allies brave—
Your comrades from the foe's fell grip to save.
The task demands courageous energy,
And patience great, like Job's, where'er ye be.
The honour of the British army, ay,
Rests on the soldiers' bearing, night and day.
In Spartan discipline example set,
Be kind to comrades whom on field you've met,
Show them by acts you spurn ignoble ease,
Brave France and Belgium by your conduct please.

Then only will you your own country serve,
When all the points of honour you preserve.
Was British army ever worth the name,
And could the British soldier earn his fame,
If both their old, reputed honour lost,
And self-respect, maintained at heavy cost?
Be courteous, e'er, considerate and kind,
Nor soon to spoil or pillage be inclined,
Deem loot or plunder a disgraceful act,
Which no true soldier stoops to make in fact.
Warm welcome and full trust you'll always find,
Reciprocate the same with open mind.
Unfit for the great service you'll be found,
Unless in mind and body hale and sound.
'Gainst all excesses keep a constant guard,
Maintain your form by exercises hard.
Let not the siren's voice your ears allure,
Nor ev'n the sight of drinks your eyes endure.
Alcohol's smell and woman's charm resist,
From wine and women while abroad desist.
Fear God, O friends! Your Duty bravely do,
And honour well your King as soldiers true!"

THE PREMIER AND THE BELGIANS

OUR Premier did the House of Commons move,
To vote how well the Empire did approve
Of Belgium's valour, truth and sacrifice,
Their gallant stand, that did the world surprise.—
With what brave hearts, though few, they faced their fate,
Their cherished freedom long to vindicate.
With what fine nerve and spirit they withstood,
For Allies, nay, for Europe's lasting good,
The fury of the foe's advancing flood—
At the great cost of choicest native blood.
Ah! never, never was high duty done
So nobly, and immortal glory won.
She went to war yet not for greed or lust,
But to protect her right,—fulfil her trust.
Forsooth, to keep our word we threw away
Our scabbard straight and did the field essay.
'T were breach of faith sworn Allies to desert
And from our solemn pledges to pervert.

Fair Britain has a true and righteous cause,
In conscience bound t' obey the nations' laws.
A nation born by a free-breathing sea,
And nurtured in the home of liberty,
A nation nursed with milk of honour due,
On laps of mothers, loving, bold and true ;—
Could such a nation have to ease inclined,
All deaf to Duty's call, to Glory blind,
And stood arm-folded, dumb, in utmost shame,
And thus at last disgraced the British name ?
How proud is England of the Belgians brave,
Who sacrificed their lives—their friends to save !
Their deeds of valour, which have boldy hurled
Such hordes of Huns, in history of the world,
Will fill a golden page, of lovely light—
To future ages an example bright.—
Thus spoke the Premier, and the members, then
With hearts aglow in chorus said Amen !

BOMBAY AND THE BELGIANS.

Fair Bombay has, through good Lord Willingdon,
A kindly act of grace and duty done,
She'as wisely come to generous, prompt relief
Of Belgians—those from war have come to grief.
Her tender heart has been so deeply stirred,
To offer willing aid now timely spurred,
By those who have with shame and sorrow heard
The Germans' breach of faith and plighted word.
Though fewer far the Belgians, with resource,
How bravely they resisted brutal force,
Outrage and desolation manly faced,
Although by fearful odds of demons chased,
Whose savage acts disgraced all human kind;
'Gainst *these* the Belgians fought and life declined:
How Freedom more than ease and life they prized,
And won their crown of fame, immortalized!

H. M. THE KING TO HIS INDIAN TROOPS.

Our gracious King, on Empire's good intent,
To Indian Troops affectionate greetings sent :—
"Reluctant though My Empire to involve,
For England's *Izzat* had I to resolve,
To fight the foe aggressive, rude and blind,
Who thus attacked the freedom of mankind.
Ay, after many an anxious hour, at last
My sword was drawn to save this Empire vast.
On you, my high-souled Troops, my hopes now rest,
Who cheerfully obeyed my prompt behest.
For Britain's sake, betimes you've crossed the seas,
Forsook your friends, your comfort, and your ease.
Proceed, my worthy Troops, the foe defy,
With strength and nerve attain your mission high!
In your hands, now, and in your enterprise,

The *Izzat* of the Indian army lies.
With faith, on justice of our cause depend,
"Act well your part," God will the right defend.
The triumph of our British arms secure,
Whate'er the hardships, manfully endure.
Your millions from no sacrifice do shrink,
With England's fortune bound they swim or sink,
Ev'n drawn at last to dire Destruction's brink,
They stand united, joined by golden link!"

EARL ROBERTS.

"Death came to him at last where he would have liked to die ... ... saluted as he passed away by the distant roar of guns which fell like music on the ears of a dying warrior."—The Premier in Parliament.

(Vide Bombay Papers, 19th November, 1914.)

What serious loss fair England now hath borne,
Earl Robert's death the Empire deep doth mourn!
One whom we at this juncture ill could spare,
For our defence he constant did prepare.
Who in our service never ease had known,
And for the general good despised his own.
On hearing war's alarm how he up rose,
To view in France the scene of death and woes.
He left his home the Indian troops to greet,
And see how well the Emperor's call they meet.
The greatest force the Empire ever brought,
From various lands remote, there streamed unsought.
Inspite of bitter wind and heavy rain,

Impelled by love that rushed through every vein,
He went to the top of a neighbouring hill,
And there all sudden caught Death's cruel chill.
A Warrior's ample fate, in sooth, he met,
Midst Indian friends, whom he did ne'er forget.
For England's cause he saw them fight with pride,
Great comfort drew, and peaceful then he died,
" Midst distant roar of guns and clash of spears,
That fell like music on his dying ears."
Midst clang of conflict, din of battle great,
The tumult of the foemen's foaming hate,
The reeking sword and cannon's thunderbolt,
Through siege and storm and mutinous revolt,
He led his hosts and always triumph gained,
And soon the valiant Victor's fame attained.
No prophet false, and no alarmist ev'n,
No militarist wild to plunder given ;
For three score years he hath his Duty done,
And laurels won, as Britain's bravest Son !

EARL ROBERTS.

HE died on field not far from shot and shell,
Amongst the soldiers whom he loved so well.
Roused up his country 'gainst the greatest War,
That he foresaw full many a year before.
His warning words now prove as Gospel truth,
His scheme of firm defence no cant, forsooth.
By his warm words, encouraged and inspired,
The Indian Troops with noble zeal were fired.
He oft had led them all to Victory great,
Through Death and Danger dark, 'gainst frowning fate.
Now, for the smaller States, they draw their sword,
To teach how to respect one's plighted word.
On Europe's soil those troops now prove their worth,
For whom the hero great worked from his birth.
Such serious loss how England could afford,
When she for righteous cause hath drawn her sword.

His voice for England's safety oft did plead,
Of his wise counsel we had present need.
Oh Death ! Couldst thou not stay thy baleful dart,
So long we had fulfilled our glorious part,
And laid to dust the enemy complete,
Until he had confessed his dire defeat ?
Sleep, sleep, in peace, Old England's loyal son !
O Captain great, who various fields have won !
In age, no less than youth, thou didst thy part,
Now in thy England throbs thy mighty heart !

THE LATE LIEUT. HARDINGE.

"CUT off in prime of life, alas ! he lies"—
All India weeps to-day with brimful eyes !
For weeks and weeks how meek he wounded lay,
In hopes to join once more in battle play.
He fought not for the love of victory,
But faith that smaller States continue free,
Not for extending rule o'er earth or skies,
Or ev'n by force or fraud to gain the prize.
He in his sparkling, fearless eyes did bear
The light of hundred years of fame, so rare,
His ancestors belov'd, of great renown,
Achieved on various fields ; intent to crown
Their valiant deeds, (so humbly-proud to own),
He in this greatest War himself had thrown,
And gave more lustre to the ancient name
Of his forefathers with a hero's claim.
Alas ! he has at last a martyr proved
To Britain's sacred cause he so much loved !

NOT WITH LIPS BUT LIFE.

WITH heart, not lips, ay, not with lips, but life,
Fair Ind doth now great sacrifices make ;
The fiendish foe surprised with awe doth quake,
At the full music of her drum and fife.
To help the Empire she, in this great strife,
Her heart, her brain, her arms, her all doth stake;
Her stern resolve, her faith, now none can shake,
Or turn her from the path of glory rife.

How at the call she hath with noblest blood,
With England side by side in danger stood !
Her aid she lends, nay, not with lips, but love,
To do or die upon the battle-field :
Her will is but her mighty sword and shield,
That wins and guards her Honour all above !

THE BRITISH NAVY AND GERMAN PIRATES.

OUR Navy like a watch-dog guards our shores,
From distant seas and lands safe brings all stores.
Struck by the hostile mines our ships how sank,
Deceitful snares foul laid for murder rank.
But while the bull-dog vigilance doth keep,
The cats and mice into their hiding creep,
Where stealthily they all expectant wait,
Until the dog is absent from the gate.–
Such are the acts of this perfidious foe
Upon the seas that e'er so furious grow
And fret and fume and like the cannon balls,
Strike ceaselessly against his hated walls,
There shake them to their deep foundations vast,
And make him tremble at his fate at last.
No manly open fights he now will read,
But murd'rous onslaughts in his dark despair;
No fair and open test of strength he'll seek,
But like a coward into burrows sneak.
So dead he seems to all the instincts higher :
A stone his heart, a wolf his base desire !

THE ADMIRALTY LORD

ON THE WORK OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

It is my duty in this house to speak for the Navy, and the truth is that it is sound as a bell all through. (Cheers.) I do not care where and how it may be tested, it will be found good and fit and keen and honest."—

Right Hon. Churchill.

IN this the greatest war the world hath known,
Our Lord of Admiralty, who has shown
His guiding genius and his power so rare,
The Navy's proud achievements doth declare—
"By patience and fine seamanship, our Fleet
Throughout preserves efficiency complete,—
Unsleeping, silent and unchallenged stands
Like bold Bri-á-reus with a hundred hands.
The foes have sunk our merchant-ships at sight,
Without a search or parley, day and night.
Protection sought of treaties once decried,
Their bulwarks made of "scraps" they late defied.

But all their submarines so sly and base,
Will find their graves at last in full disgrace.
So "good and fit and keen and honest" found,
All through our Navy like a bell is sound.
To Britain's lasting glory will redound
Her ceaseless efforts with success soon crowned.
The Victory off the Falklands does, so far,
End well the first phase of the Naval War.
Decisive clearance makes the German flag,
On all the oceans ceases soon to brag.
The Eagles flee crest-fallen and down-cast,
Their feathers plucked and thrown on oceans vast.
'Gainst foul and open murder on high seas,
'Gainst piracy and pillage, as they please,
Does there no German book of law provide—
The surest way to deal with homicide?—
Does no decree, no moral code decide,
Nor rule of equity, their actions guide?—
No Nations' pacts outroot such lawless realm,
Nor Statutes old those culprits overwhelm?
Such barbarous acts in ancient times no state
E'er dared to practise or to contemplate,

The foe himself did oft repudiate,
Before the war, such conduct reprobate.
We seek an open fight, they hide and loot,
They only think of *flight*, we of *pursuit*.
Such great command o'er all the seas we own,
As ne'er was dreamt of, and as ne'er was known."

A RIGHTEOUS WAR.

Further, looking to thine own duty thou shouldst not tremble, for there is nothing more welcome to a Kshattriya than righteous war. Happy the Kshattriayas, O Partha, who obtain such a fight, offered unsought as an open door to heaven. But if thou wilt not carry on this righteous warfare, then casting away thine own duty and thine honour, thou wilt incur sin. Men will recount thy perpetual dishonour, and, to one highly esteemed, dishonour exceedeth death. The great car-warriors will think thee fled from the battle from fear, and thou, that wast highly thought of by them, wilt be lightly held. Slain, thou wilt obtain heaven, victorious, thou wilt enjoy the earth; therefore stand up, O son of Kunti, resolute to fight. Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird thee for the battle; thus thou shalt not incur sin."—*Translation of "The Bhagvad-Gita" by Mrs. Annie Besant.*"

ON holy Kuru-kshetra's boundless field,
The sons of Dhritarashtra t'arms appealed.
Eager for struggle when the warriors stood,
All gathered—each to shed the other's blood,
With armies vast, on either side arrayed,
Prepared for death, Prince Arjun felt dismayed,
To pity moved, o'erpowered by grief intense,
To fight his kinsmen own he faltered thence.

At this Shri Krishna there soon interposed,
With words of wisdom thus his mind disclosed :—
"Ne'er tremble thine own Duty to perform,
Amidst the din of battle, stress or storm.
Nought welcome more to Kshattrias than such war,
Ay, in a cause so just and righteous far.
Thy precious life be to thy country giv'n,
And gain unsought an open door to heav'n.
How happy he such glorious death obtains,
At manhood's threshold highest honour gains.
Who righteous warfare leads, in life succeeds,—
To noble minds dishonour death exceeds.
Slain in such struggle, wilt thou heaven win
If fled inglorious, thou'lt incur great sin
Who doth not plunge into such righteous war,
And casts away his Duty, Honour, far.
Men will recount his deep perpetual shame,
Nor Death itself shall cleanse his sullied name!
And what is Death, but change,—as all confess—
From worn out garbs to new and shapely dress?—
A finer, happier change which gods do bless,
Transformed to state of joy from life's distress.

If fliest thou by craven fear compelled,
Once highly thought of, wilt be lightly held ;
Victorious proved, thou wilt enjoy the earth,
Stand then to fight, O Prince, enhance thy worth !
Eager for battle in the holy plain,
Then take with cheer all pleasure and all pain.
Both ease and trouble must be equal borne,
O, gird thee for the battle, sound thy horn!
Reck not for sore wounds on the battle plain,
Defeat or victory or loss or gain.—
Look, look to thine own Duty—never turn
To right or left, and lasting fame thus earn.
Take heart, be quick, to fight at once proceed,
And win thy sacred cause and name indeed !
Stand up, O son of Kunti, firm to fight,
Wake up, wake up, and take your bow aright ;
Cast not away thy Duty, Honour, Fame,
Nor on thy Pitris bring an endless shame."!

OUR OCEAN WARRIORS.

DESCENDANTS of the brave sea-captains old,
O fiery fighters, ocean-warriors bold !
The flag of England you have flying kept,
On open seas since Blake and Nelson slept,
Your hearts of oak but laugh at cannon-fire,
Your breasts of steel confront destruction dire.
Our Navy has proved true, whenever tried,—
Our strongest bulwark and our greatest pride.
A belt now circles round the colonies
And India vast, and keeps them safe in peace,
Like Neptune England doth her trident bear
Of dauntless Faith, of Truth and Courage rare.
The British Flag waves on the highest mast,
And gaily floats to trumpets' deafening blast.

THE COUNTRY'S NEED.

Mr. Lloyd George, in opening a conference of representatives of trade unions at the Treasury made an earnest appeal to employers and workmen to sink their differences and to concentrate on a larger and larger increase in the output of munitions of war.

"I want to pound the enemy and continue pounding them regardless of expense, because we are thus saving the lives of our gallant men."—*Sir John French.*

GO soldiers, rush ! break through the German lines,
Until the foes of crumpling show the signs.
By valour great confound their dark designs,
And drive them out from Allies' proud confines.
Soon force them back behind the ground they hold,
Atonce for one supreme attempt make bold :
Make one momentous move and fast proceed,
To crush for e'er their power and cruel creed.
Pound, pound the foes regardless of expense,
Fight to the knife with dash and zeal intense.
Repulse with force their impudent attack,
Nor in your courage nor in spirit lack.

As in a mortar pound the Germans' heads,
Show them the taste of their own murderous raids.
With faithful Allies brave co-operate,
Arise and work ere it becomes too late,
To help the Empire and to help the State,
Nor in your strength nor in your zeal abate.
To crush the foe and grind him just and sore,
Prepare munitions hourly more and more.
" Munitions always, " more munitions still,
Your country's urgent wants will soon fulfil.
Our men do in the field and factory serve,
Their King and Country, and with equal nerve
Do help her cause, by making it their own,
Each in his sphere his value thus hath shown.
How they each other's burdens willing bear,
Tween field and workshop do their labours share ;
While those on fields of action bullets dare,
By night and day no earthly pains do spare.
Our men at home serve not their country less,
Than those on field in active fight do press,
Give up your alcohol and your ardent drinks,
Of fruitful amity straight forge the links.

Pour out the cannon by the million then,
Without a stint of money or of men.
It has been yours a just and honest pride,
For long the world's great tyrants you've defied.
Help those with destinies of Europe charged,
And find at length her liberties enlarged.
Haste, rifles, guns and ammunition make,
For country's sake keep day and night awake.
Put off your strikes and wages' civil war,
That on the nation strikes a serious scar.
Then labour for a pittance, if need be,
Without a groan or murmur, cheerfully.
For what is more than country's righteous cause,
Defence of Smaller States and nation's laws ?
Leave off the worship of the fetish Drink,
'T will drive you soon to dark destruction's brink.
How well our Gracious King example set
Of self-denial great; should you forget ?
Exert your energies from day to day,
The country's pressing need brooks no delay,

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WAR.

"Mr. Lloyd George in a great speech at Bangor said he was always convinced that the Allies would be victorious, but victory would not be secured without a long struggle. He urged Britons to leave nothing undone to achieve a triumphant peace at the earliest possible moment."

(*Reuter's telegram, February 28, 1915.*)

O strain your nerves, leave nothing *now* undone,
All strifes and strikes to future times postpone.
Without a struggle long how could you own
That Victory would the Allies' efforts crown?
A glorious peace you will full soon achieve,
The gods stand by your side, who never leave,
The side of Truth, of Justice and of Right,
The side of Moral Strength, not brutal Might,
The side of States that help a righteous cause,
Of those who do respect the nations' laws.
No nation could triumphant reach its goal,
That had the crime of Belgium on its soul.—
A crime so gross, so heinous, and so bold,

That brought on Belgium miseries untold.
How deep and far the foes their plans had laid
With dark designs that did but horrors braid.
But their own crimes will burn them in their flames
And save the world from their ignoble aims.
A humble, hallowed confidence to breed
In the success of Right is Strength indeed!
All self-complacence, Oh, leave self-conceit,
The swift and sure fore-runners of defeat.
For self-complacence is a nation's rust,
That soils a healthy mind and brings disgust;
The bravest people will thus come to dust,
However great their cause, however just.

THE CHANCELLOR'S APPEAL.

"We are fighting the worst elements in Germany. If defeated we should become vassals of Germany, talking through the raucous voice of Krupps whose science would be harnessed to the chariot of destruction."

(Mr. Lloyd George at Bangor—February 28, 1915.)

Britons, soon awake and ope your eyes!
The worst of German blood you have to fight;
Whose watch-word Spite, whose allies Force and Might,
Whose heated course is fanned by widows' sighs.
To foemen leave their hateful spies and lies—
Barbaric ways abhorrent to your sight.
Your motto Justice be, your standard Right,
Be faith your war-cry, Freedom be your Prize!
If, God forbid, you should sustain defeat,
You through the raucous voice of Krupps would talk.
Their vassals you should be with shame replete;
Rapine and Plunder in your land would stalk.
Their "Kultur" and their Science would be yoked
To pure Destruction's chariot unprovoked!

THE CAUSE.

THE Cause, the Cause, the just and righteous Cause,
Espoused with warmth, in true defence of right,
At Empire's clarion call, with one's whole might,
T' enforce for smaller nations sacred laws.
It both on sea and land all subjects draws,
From Com'rin's point to Kinchinganga's height ;
Stands justified in all the wide world's sight,
And freely wins our heart's one true applause.

The Cause inspires to-day the Allies great,
Above all wordly wealth its worth they rate.
T'advance such Cause now none in zeal must bate.
On it our moral being, aye, depends,
Its presence every other thought suspends,
And to each act sweet grace and beauty lends.

INDIA'S UNDYING TRIBUTE.

At the Imperial Patriotic meeting at tho Guildhall on 19th May 1915 Mr. Asquith paid an eloquent tribute to the sons and daughters of the Overseas Dominions whose record was so magnificent that any Empire might take the highest pride therein.

"YE sons and daughters of our colonies,
Of India and Dominions over-seas,
Your record so magnificent we find,
So nobly you 'ave discharged that faith consign'd,
So cheerful you have stood by England's side,
Such love for her doth in your hearts abide;
The noblest Empire would be gratified
And find in you its best and highest pride.
At last you've proved so faithful, true and tried,
All danger dared, all obstacles defied.
Your willingness great hardships to endure,
Your ardent zeal to face ev'n death obscure,—
To no mean sordid motive this is due,—
Of self or pelf or lust or gain untrue.

In this great crisis we are gathering free
The fruits of wise Imperial policy,
On broadest principles of fairness laid,
In just and liberal scales precisely weighed.
No part of this vast Empire stands alone,
But all would rather seek a death unknown,
Than choose the willing vassals to become
Of Tyranny, and be exiled from home."

THE EMPIRE'S OFFERING.

"He believed that as a nation we had more reason to be proud of the spontaneous enthusiasm of the Indian Princes and people on behalf of their King-Emperor than we had to be proud of the conquest of India."—*Mr. Bonar Law at the Guildhall Imperial Patriotic Meeting.*

THE fields of France a deathless tribute bear
To India's bravery beyond compare.
The splendid gifts of her sons, high and low,
Their deepest love and loyalty do show.
The choicest soldiers were despatched, unasked,
And boldly they the foes' designs unmasked.
We're prouder of their service in the field
Than all the power we in their conquest wield.
The answer to the foes that they have made
Has thrilled us with a joy that ne'er will fade.
Their Ruling Princes, too, have drawn the sword,
And giv'n with both hands all they could afford.
All lavished labours, gifts and prayers, ev'n,
A sacred Cause, them to the field has driven.
King George the Fifth, their centre, symbol loved,
Their demi-god and holy Idol proved.
Happy that they a righteous King have found,
To him with heart-strings of allegiance bound!

THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE.

THE cause, the Empire's Cause, to-day your theme,
No nobler theme than England's cause you'll find;
No higher duty can your conscience bind,
In weal and woe your goal and aim supreme!
Above all selfish ends the Cause esteem,
Writ large upon the tablet of your mind,
Be to the Empire's lasting good inclined,
However irksome tho' the course may seem.

Above all ends and aims, above all laws,
Imperious and exacting is the Cause,
It cannot lie aside, it cannot wait,
Fixed, firm, determined as your destined Fate.
For such a Cause thên live and draw your breath,
Defy all worldly cares, defy e'en death!

THE MODERN DÆDALUS,

ONCE Dædalus on waxen wings did fly,
With Icarus, his son, up in the sky,
From Crete across the Archipelago.
The air-ship frail swam weakly to and fro,
And drew to it the envy of the Sun,
Both ship and inmates proud were fast undone,
Full soon the wings dissolving downward fell
Into the sea,—a fate, all could foretell,
O'ertook them forth-with and their country dear—
Th' ambitious ship none could in air safe steer :—
So have the German King and Chancellor
Flown with the wings of fury Europe o'er,
In arrogant conceit took dangerous flight,
False measure took of their vain Empire's might;
With wind in head and impious sword in hand,
Rushed to the field with their wild lawless band,
All solemn pledges thought as 'paper waste'
And blindly to war's bloody fields did haste,
The Submarines' and Zeppelins' mean aid sought—
How vain their venture and how wild their thought!

THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

HOW brave, in sooth, have Belgians made their stand
And stopped the foe's free passage from their land.
No axe had they to grind, no interest serve,
But terms of solemn treaties to observe.
The German hordes' incursion to prevent
Betimes to Europe great assistance lent;
The Allies will with tears for ages tell
By Germans' dev'lish pranks how Antwerp fell;
How ill-luck dogged again poor Belgians' steps
Like Liege and Namur here too had mishaps.
How brutal Germans did their land invade,
For Honour's sake with blood their price they paid.
Three British Brigades how did in full speed
'Gainst with'ring fire to their prompt aid proceed,
Two thousand British marines met their doom,
Their sudden loss o'er England cast a gloom.

With what great heart their wrongs and sufferings great
Have Belgians meekly stood, resigned to Fate.
How bold, how noble and how cheerful bore
Huge Himalayas of woes and trials sore.
To devastation though their country turned,
On History's roll a deathless name they've earned.

THE PLIGHTED WORD OF THE EAST.

LO Harishchandra, India's ancient King,
Whose praise ev'n now throughout our land doth ring,
For plighted word with indignation spurned
Whate'er he had on earth, and cheerful turned
A common sweeper in the grave-yard old,
And nobly bore calamities untold;
His kingdome and possessions all were sold,
His Queen and only child, his wealth and gold,
His uttered word and promise to redeem,
All else he treated with contempt supreme,
All wordly things to him as dust did seem,
And rank and wealth as merely passing dream!
So too Prince Shiavax of Kayanian fame,
For plighted troth has left a lasting name.
He lost his right to crown of great Iran,
His home and country, for uncouth Turan,

He left his friends' and kingly father's care
His princely honour great, beyond compare;
For years lived in a distant alien land,
And last he lost his life by a tyrant's hand.
A Western Emperor now, with 'Kultur's' boast,
Has led in arms a frenzied, lawless host.
His word he rates a 'scrap of paper' waste,
Invading Belgium's soil with fatal haste.
All treaties he has trampled under foot,
Alliance formed with Murder, Pillage, Loot.
Infatuate with his own omnipotence,
Resort he has to Satan's greed intense.
Fie, fie on such perverted 'Kultur' wild,
We'll fiercely fight it for true 'culture' mild.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

WITH silken bands of fellowship are bound
All subjects of the King wherever found.
United hands, united hearts declare,
The Empire's sons the toils of war do share,
With one distinct and earnest voice applied
For his own share, each with the other vied,
To stand foremost their privilege they claimed,
To die the first their cherished right they named.
How wistful all have stood up to a man.
To work in this great Cause as best they can.
Its righteousness they own with one accord,
And for its sake have drawn the glisteniag sword.
On India's waters true the bread was cast,
A hundred fold return hath made at last.
May may this union strong and stronger grow,
The Empire's pride in all the hearts may glow ;
The blood of kinship in their veins long flow,
However strong the adverse winds may blow!

LIEUT. THE HON. E. C. HARDINGE.

THE gallant son of Hardinge, Viceroy great,
Who every Indian's heart hath captivate,
Has passed away, alas, and martyr proved
To Britain's sacred cause, he so much loved.
Lord Hardinge suffered first at miscreant's hand,
When his dear consort true by him did stand,
He lost her, too, when far away from sight,
And now again his son, of promise bright,
On foreign soil's bereft of life and light,
And thus alas ! reduced to saddest plight !
The youth devoted to his country's cause,
How boldly rushed at once into Death's jaws.
Brave son of much-afflicted ruler wise
Away from home, from near and dear, now lies.
A bright career's thus cut off in prime,
In fight for country's cause in foreign clime.
Our millions now convey their sympathy
To Viceroy Good in this calamity.

How praises fall, like flowers, on Hardinge's son
Whose daring deeds from all esteem have won.
A champion of the true and just has gone,
He sleeps in peace, his earthly task is done !
He fought the hateful foe in crisis grave,
And sought his doom as patient soldier brave.
He 'as crossed the bourne where weapons cleave him not.
Nor cannon's fatal fire with mischief fraught.
No baleful bullets pierce, nor waters drown,
Nor machine guns with aim so deadly frown.
Fame, Duty, Honor will with pride e'er sit
By his quiet grave and offer blessings meet.
Sleep, sleep, in peace, O youth of many charms !
Lie safe in loving mother's dearest arms.
On thy brave chest thy wounds as medals stood
Fringed with the choicest and the noblest blood.
Death fell in love at sight and snatched away
O valiant youth, long long before thy day !

THE LATE LORD ROBERTS.

"Rustom of Cabul."

FAMED soldier great! dear "Rustom of Cabul"!
Who did by humane acts o'er Indians rule.
Considerate Captain, hero of Khandahar!
Who great did prove alike in peace and war;
With foe no less than friend did always act
With due regard, humanity and tact,
In soldier's garb whose tenderest heart did beat,
Behind a coat of mail whose grace was meet;
Whose gentleness throughout sweet radiance threw
Along a warrior's path that brilliant grew;
Who, trusting Indians, trusted e'er by them,
Nor sneering did their proper worth condemn,
Did vindicate the Indian soldier's name,
And loyally upheld his rightful claim;
Who Lady-Smith and Mafeking relieved,
And England's ancient honour well retrieved.
O fighter great! you've fought your last great fight,
And found your peace in dying for the right!

H. M. THE KING'S MESSAGE TO THE INDIAN TROOPS.

("I look to all my Indian soldiers to uphold the *Izzat* of the British Raj against an aggressive and relentless enemy."

The Times of India, 6th October 1914.

"MY loyal soldiers brave of grateful Ind,
Of your grave duty I need not remind:—
I charge you all, as India's faithful sons,
Into the furious battle plunge at once.
Uphold the *Izzat* of the British Raj
And of the anxious wearer of the Taj,
Against th' oppresive and relentless foe,
Who in the War nor truth nor ruth doth know.
Your sacred trust, I trow, you will fulfil,
And in this warfare show your utmost skill.
In my own thoughts you have high place secured,
My constant prayers with yours are e'er conjured.
Go forward, take the field, fresh lustre gain,
Your ancient name for glorious deeds maintain.

As Indian Troops your honour vindicate,
In courage, chivalry and valour great.
To all the world your mighty deeds proclaim,
In your hands lies my Indian army's fame."

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THE LIES OF MODERN CIVILISATION.

I.

O how can thrive your Empire based on Lie,
On meanest plan of mine-field and of spy,
Enwrapped in treacherous falsehood cap-a-pie
When virtue, and ev'n God, you dare defy.—
Lie in your mouth, and Falsehood in your heart,
Lie in your dark designs, ay, from the start.
Lie, lie, the text of the philosophy
Of Nietzsche, Treitschke and vile Bernhardi!

II.

Let Light and Truth against this Darkness stand,
'Gainst Druj and Lie of Angremainush band.
Most 'gainst the Druj of lust of pow'r, forsooth,
That, cost what may, will know nor faith nor truth.
For Truth and Right are tests of Britain's creed,
Ruthless Lie the foes may triumph, indeed.
Rathe choose defeat with moral Victory,
Than brute success of force and tyranny.

III.

Fie, fie on your "civilization" grand,
That on its forehead bears the hated brand
Of pillage, rapine and bold piracy,—
Of subterfuges base on land and sea.
Fie, on your vaunted Science and your Art,
That play in dealing death such wondrous part—
Your poisonous gas and liquid projectiles;
The Devil's weapons worth your heartless guiles!

IV.

True Science must with human good combine,
With humane methods she will better shine.
Before the general good ev'n she must bow,
With lowly service writ on her clear brow.
In truth and kindness she must find her guide,
Not ruin, but the human good, her pride.
For soul's advance a harbinger must prove,
And bear the flag of mercy and of love.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

I.

OUR Empire willingly its blood now sheds,
The noblest path of sacrifice it treads.
With finest nerve and calm composure meet,
Death and its dark concomitants doth greet.
The dead have thus in war immortal proved,
They've served the cause in life they so much loved,
How gloriously on earth their race is run,—
These high-souled men have well their duty done!

II.

Avert, O God! this scene of death and woe,
This ghastly struggle of the friend and foe.
Our mission high of freedom do complete,
And once for all the slaves of force defeat.
Inspire the Allies in their mighty task,
That doth their best and greatest efforts ask.
Their reasons just, ideals noble found,
Their conduct of the war with honour bound.

III.

O Mazda Great! with weapons of Thy might
Slay soon the foes, the impious sinners smite.
Crush Thou the Druj of Lie with Asha's mace,
And with the sword of Truth now end its days.
May foes fly frighted from the fiery field,
Their fury bated, and their fervour chilled.
Wake all our force, and all our hopes inspire,
Give us success, and crown our heart's desire.

IV.

Almighty God! the issue's in Thy hands,
Defeat the dark designs of foemen's bands.
Thou judgeth rightly all things here on earth,
And weigheth actions by their truest worth.
Thy frown will sternly check the proudest soul,
Thy approbation lead it to its goal.
O King of Kings! Who reign'st supreme on high,
They fall and come to dust who Thee defy!

THE SACRED CAUSE.

I.

UNTO the just Thy highest aid accord,
O great Ahuramazda! Righteous Lord!
E'er to their Cause Thy helpful grace extend,
And lend them strength to triumph in the end.
May, may the tyrants fall, the Allies win,
Of Freedom wise New era soon begin.
For Truth, in holy bonds the Allies binds,
The righteous of their sacred cause reminds.

II.

Who to the Empire's call with zeal respond,
And treat your word as worthy as your bond,
Ye kill the monster with a resolute will,
And in his death your destiny fulfil.
The Empire proud of Truth and Right maintain,
O'erthrow brute Force and lasting glory gain—
Invoking Spitam's aid with holy tears,
With supplications and with humble prayers!

III.

Of selfless service and self-sacrifice,
Display the spirit meek discarding ease.
Avenge your dead—that on the field have shed
Their noblest blood and straight to Heaven sped.
Proceed with firm resolve and iron will,
With hearts of steel your object to fulfil.
Your interest is to guard the righteous rule,
Long trained in Freedom's proud and noble school.

IV.

Before Thy Throne, O God! we do beseech
That to Thy ear our earnest voice may reach—
Make foemen tremble and give up the war,
Repentant of the sins they've done so far.
Full well prepared to prosecute the war,
With heart and soul the War-Lord we abhor.
On him, of wrath, O God, Thy vials pour,
'Gainst him for ever close Thy Mercy's door!

ANCIENT AND MODERN WARFARE.

I.

O where's the pomp and glorious pageantry,
Of wars of old,—described in history,
By heroes waged, who rode the chariot c ar—
Now in the modern nations' ruthless war ?
How silent Science robs our present strife
Of picturesque sights and scenes but once so rife,
In battles proud of epic deeds comprised,
In old heroics grand immortalised ?

II.

Yea, Science robs our wars of strength and might,
Of all romantic hues and aspects bright,
That quickly stirred the mind and fired the soul,
And did as well all needless loss control.
Where champions once their real strength did try,
Machine guns and huge howitzers now ply,

Though deadly these, no test of power true,
Like methods more humane our fathers knew.

III.

The war of modern times is of machines,
Of Zeppelins, aeroplanes and submarines.
What needless havoc have the foes thus wrought,
And e'en the lives of neutrals have they sought.
From rape and murder, too, they do not shrink,
But for the blood of babes and women swink.
Fie, fie on your rank militarism,
Your boasted Kultur, wild Kaiserism !

PEACE AND LIBERTY.

I.

Let nations' fruitless strife and conflict cease,
Broad base on Liberty enduring peace.
To plough—shares turn the bayonet and the sword,
To weaker States due justice do accord.
As by a flash from Heaven, fair Victory
May show her shining face with radiant glee,
And peace and happiness, surpassing dream,
With Freedom's smile on earth, may rule supreme.

II.

O may perpetual peace and harmony
Prevail on earth with well-earned Victory.
Fair Liberty, that fires all souls with life,
May hold her sway subduing human strife.
Our days and years no more in sunshine lack,
Our vault be blue, serene, without a speck.
May the world smile, resigning all its woes,
Enjoy a spring, that never winter knows!

THE FATE OF A ZEPPELIN.

A story from the Shah Namah of Firdusi.

THE Devs together met one cursed day,
And counsel took to turn King Kaus away
From Mazda's fold, with some such dark design,
That he might soon betray the trust divine.
A cunning Dev was, therefore, soon despatched,—
Of tongue so glib, so facile and unmatched,
To draw him to the toils as it might chance
Of his own arrogant omnipotence,
Kaus took the hint, conceived the boasted plan
Of flying fast to heav'n, and sent out men
To ransack nests and bring young eagles strong,
With utmost speed, and feed them well for long,
Till their lithe limbs could raise a throne with ease—
A dazzling throne, the boastful King to please.
From it did glistening lances long project,
To these were hung, with utmost skill and tact,

Long pieces of raw flesh that seemed a treat;
On such a throne did King Kaus take his seat.
With wind of pride in his inflated brain,
By wheedling words he sought the skies in vain,
With pomp and proud display and blare of trump
Four eagles were attached, all strong and plump,
The eagles, making for the sumptuous meat,
Were meant to lift and fly his royal seat.
Right through the vacant space upto the clouds,
The proud majestic throne swathed in dark shrouds.
The eagles faint and swoon as tired at last,
Down down they fall, the foolish king is cast
Into the dreadful sea, near th' Amul old,—
Just fate of impious kings with venture bold.
Such blind, ambitious and such senseless flight
How well resulted in a woeful plight!
At this sad end Kaus did for pardon pray,
So penitent that he did not obey
Great Mazda's High command. An Emperor
In frenzy's fit to heav'n doth try to soar,
From Truth, from Honour, now hath turned aside,
Defied all moral laws, ev'n God defied,

In blood of harmless babes his fingers dyed,
Aspires both earth and heaven to subdue,
For lust of world-dominion doth pursue
A wild career that only pirates choose.
Like convicts bold from their restraint broke loose,
He runs amok, his pranks with danger fraught,
All Christian principles are quite forgot.
His eagles flown, he rushes with wild rage,
By devil inspired, unholy war to wage,

BELGIUM'S SACRIFICE.

The Belgian Government, before leaving Belgium, placarded a proclamation counselling prudence and patriotism to the Belgians and asking them to endure the momentary trial, whence the nation would emerge greater and more beautiful. The proclamation concluded *Long live free Belgium.*

O Belgians brave, mourn not in deep despair,
What fates have willed must hap, but do and dare.
Firm seal your lips, all ills with patience bear,
For country's honoured name no travail spare,
Let love of Belgium and calm prudence be
Your bosom friends now in your misery.
Long live the Allies, long live Belgium free,
Long live her free—born men, and Liberty.
You've suffered endless toils, e'en exile sought,
Afflicted by unnumbered woes,—for what?—
For honour and respect that come unsought,
For country's Cause with foes relentless fought—
Who ravaged ruthlessly our sacred soil,—
From whose deeds human-kind with shame recoil.

What endless pain, what ghastly ills ye bore,
What hedious wrongs and what afflictions sore,
Emerged, like gold, from burning flames more pure,
The ore subjected to them more and more.
With faith and hope all foulest ills endure,
From darkest night for brightest dawn be sure.
Indeed, you will in course of time come out
From ruthless tyrant's grip with heart more stout
And hands more firm and strong, that in the end,
More chastened you'll in every grace transcend.
The moment's trials bear with bravery,
And live with honour for eternity.
Although, like wave on wave, ill follows ill,
Your duty well and nobly do fulfil.
All calculations wild you've falsified,
Your cause by truth and right is sanctified.
Let Patience be your strong unpliant shield,
And earn what good doth calm resistance yield.

THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.
AN APPEAL.

YE sons and daughters of the Empire vast,
For Honour and for Truth fight to the last.
Now is the time to render every aid
That's in your power, this ruthless foe to jade.
Do not with folded arms complacent stand,
And be a burden on your motherland ;
Be not a dull incumbrance on the State,
Beneath the shadow of whose rule you wait.
The troops of Ahriman hail Force and Fright
'Gainst Ahurmazd's weapons, Truth and Light:
Force has been glorified and Truth denied,
Defied ev'n God in lust and blinding pride.
For their false creed and their unholy war
Full heartily these demons we abhor.
With faith and hope fight on upto the last,
And overthrow the deadly foes aghast ;
Make firm resolve, on this the New Year's Day,
To crush the faithless foes, your debts repay.

THE FAITH AND LOYALTY OF THE ZOROASTRIANS.

THE sons of ancient Iran, scattered wide,
Though few in numbers, yet in danger tried,
Have rallied round their Rulers now once more,
As did their great forefathers herebefore.
Their hearts pulsate with instincts warm and true,
Their royal blood still runs Kaiyanian blue.
So was it proved a thousand years ago;
So is it now, aye, it will e'er be so.
For while in Sanjan first they landed all,
First from their hardships great, their kingdom's fall,
The noble Raja of their faith inquired.
Before he gave the help they much desired.
There rose forthwith an aged Mobed wise,
Who of his creed the Rajah did apprise :—
"Illustrious Prince, the truth I will relate,

To your auspicious land, now driven by Fate.
Be not afraid of us, or our strange ways,
View not our outward form with sheer amaze.
We're worshippers of Yezdan, highest Lord,
All sufferings for this Faith we've long endured.
From aliens' persecution we have come,
For Faith we've left our country and our home.
We seek a quiet asylum in this land,
Your kind protection craves our hopeful band.
Unknown and unattended and forlorn,
We on the way have numerous hardships borne.
For Faith all ease and comfort we've denied,
For Faith we've woe worn wandered far and wide;
Our home, our country dear, our lands, our all,
Our mansions, gardens we have left withal,
Abandoned all possessions and estates,
And followed Conscience' clean and clear dictates.
Descendants of the Great King Jamshed we,
Though poor and strange, we've roamed for faith's decree.
To your auspicious shores our stars did guide,
These way-lost wanderers hopes in you confide.

Who once did armies great in Iran lead,
Are now in want of home and bread indeed!
The King of day and Queen of night revere,
With quiet submission here our course will steer.
No evil will accrue from us to you,
We'll prove your loyal, trusted subjects true.
We shall be friends to all in Hindustan,
Will make it our new home, as old Iran.
Would treat your friends as ours, your foes our foes,
And pound their heads, when due occasion rose."

At last the Parsees did fulfil their word,
Five centuries aft they bravely drew their sword.
When Moslems did invade the Raja's land,
'Gainst them they made a bold, courageous stand;
With Hindu Rulers' ranks stood side by side,
And ta ctfully their destinies did guide.
To sacrifice their lives they all up rose,
With on e resolve, to meet th ' aggressive foes.
" So long " they said, " as one of us retains,
The struggling gasping breath that life sustains,
So long as ev'n a drop of blood remains,

In these our royal blue Kaiyanian v eins,
So long we'll fight and bind the foes in chains,
Or smear the field with their impure blood-stains."

So to the last the Parsees fought with might,
Th eir rulers' former favour to requite,
And thus to plighted word they all proved true,
And with the Raja fell, but ne'er withdrew!

KING ALBERT AND HIS PEOPLE.

"A country which defends itself, wins the respect of every one, and cannot perish."

"THE country will the world's respect soon win
That doth defend itself, through thick and thin,
It can not perish, for its chivalry
Doth desolation dark and death defy."—
King Albert, who, his subjects' fate hath shared,
In brave prophetic words his faith declared,
With earnest voice, before the lawless hordes
Of faithless Germans did unsheathe their swords,
And ravage ruthlessly his sacred land,
Like savage Huns or barbarous bandits' band.
To check the foes he saw the pressing need,
To meet their force he bravely did proceed.
For action, not for words, the moment was,
To face the impious foes he scarce did pause.
Though overstrained by foul inhuman hands,
Their cowardly attacks he still withstands,—
To hurl them back great fortitude demands,
Though ruined, the world's respect he still commands.

AUGUST 4.

A year of trial and tribulation's o'er,
Of ruthless murder and affliction sore,
A dust-storm burst, the East and West to choke,
And peace was sud den broke, at one fell stroke,
The War-lord wild, to dominate the world,
With maddening haste his banner soon unfurled.
His hope of storming Paris was all lost;
By England's timely move were rightly tost
His base and vile designs to crush the weak
With forces of a military clique,
That played the game of brag, and then of loot,
Of savage butchery; and turned to shoot,
Civilians-women and ev'n babies small,
Of their insensate fury objects all.
Did vandals prove, great works of art defile

And churches desecrate with artful guile.
The Allies' hearts then showed their ample nerve,
Their strength to suffer and their will to serve,
Such fervent zeal displayed this Empire vast,
As all atonce its foes to shame did cast.
O mighty Ormazd! Bounteous Mazda, hear
Our supplication and our humble prayer—
The Allies' arms with great success do crown,
In lasting peace the noise of strife soon drown.
Confirm our weak resolve, Thy grace extend,
To bring this war to a victorious end!
Embolden warriors of the East and West
Put zeal and ardour in their fearless breast,
Defeat the foes, their dark designs confound,
And in their own abyss let them be drown'd!
Sound punish them for breach of solemn word,
With thunder's cannon, and with lightning's sword,
And teach them how to keep their plighted troth;
Soon visit them with weapons of Thy wrath,
And teach them well their treaties to respect
And not with scorn as " scraps of paper" fract.

Cathedral, mosque and temple all proclaim—
Our firm determination is the same,
To fight till end our sole and sacred aim.
We will not falter, and not hesitate,
To fight till death, will not in zeal abate.
In sight of God our vows we consecrate,
And to the Cause our lives do dedicate.
Grant us success, O Lord ! in thy decree,
And bless us as the Champions of the Free.

"THE IZZAT OF THE BRITISH RAJ."

H. E. the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, in addressing the members of his Imperial Legislative Council, had said that it was with confiden ce and pride that he was able to offer to His Majesty the finest and largest military force of Britishand Indian troops for service in Europe that had left the shores of India and H. M. the King-Empero r has now sent the message that he looks to all his "*Indian soldiers to up-hold the Izzat of the British Raj.*"

OUR Viceroy, good and great, with worthy pride
Showed how at Duty's Call to Rulers' side
The Indian crores with gushing zeal had hied,
To serve their Emperor each with other vied.
To serve their King and country how they burned,
For that sole aim all worldly gains too spurned ;
Their noble proud traditions still maintained
Of chivalry, for ages pure, unstained.
Nay, ne'er will India's sons from Duty swerve,
But faithful will their mother-country serve ;
The millions show their unfeigned loyalty,
Their high regard for British Royalty;

The people prove their pristine probity,
And quit themselves with proud nobility ;
Each unit now doth sacrifices make,
For great and world-wide British Empire's sake !
With British Raj its fate is ever bound,
Whose fame for freedom farthest doth resound.
Appeal for aid what warm response has met,
Ungrudg ing made, without the least regret !
The voice of duty Ind will ne'er forget.
With heart and soul resolve for war approved,
Prepared to face the foes she bravely moved.
In Indian soldiers, now, so true and tried,
The Izzat of the British Raj confide.
The finest force of soldiers on this side,
Is offered straight with faith and hope and pride—
The choicest troops that ever left these shores,
For England whom fair India's soul adores.
Then to the World your valour great display,
And sacrifice devoted, come what may!

THE PARSEE NEW YEAR'S DAY. 1284 A. Y.

12th September 1914.

THE morn to-day in ruddy mantle clad,
Presents the New Year's babe with face so glad,
The Solar King observes a holiday,
To greet Zor'astrians in their costume gay.
Midst mirth and music and with sacred Song,
The Parsees to their temples move along.
The dying year they quickly bid farewell,
A year of woes intense and mis'ries fell.
A year of banks' collapse and bankers' fraud,
With Lie and Falsehood on their face writ broad.
Of sudden failures on the Stock Exchange,
And clever tricks, manipulations strange.
Of false accouuts and window-dressing sham,
That British Justice did so well condemn.

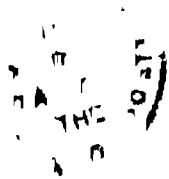
Dishonest managers of banks, when linked
With base and greedy auditors, hood-winked
Share-holders weak and showed such balances,
As hearts of guileless customers did please.
The glitt'ring pinchbeck profits and Reserve,
So well the name of roguery they deserve.
Of wholesale cotton fires, what puzzle great !
That under-writers forced t'enhance their rate.
A year of Juddin Navjot, Dastur's boast,
Of breach of faith by Kaiser and his host ;
Insensate war declared in fatal haste,
By him who treats as scraps of paper waste
His solemn sacred pledges—throws to winds,
His word that, sooth, with triple steel e'er binds
A man of honour, nay, is sacrament,
Of greater force than arms or armament.
A King or Emperor's word, in worth, indeed,
His kingdom or his Empire doth exceed.
It's more than legal bond, or solemn deed,
Nay, nay, an article of faith or creed.
What horrid scenes, what ruthless havoc wrought,

The Kaiser's wild attack with ruin fraught.
It is the Parsees' just and honest pride,
That they of all the Indians have been tried
With the world's choicest soldiers side by side ;
They all in deepest loyalty excel,
Will fight with might and well the foes repel.
Their lives, their fortunes, honour sacred, all,
For Truth and Justice at their Emperor's call.
Their halls and huts, their hearths and homes this day,
At thrice-blest feet of Emperor George they lay.
O may a new bright era now commence,
Of peace and good-will, health and opulence !

1285 A. Y.

AFT anxious months of bloody warfare, pray
For better times on this our New Year's Day.
Twelve months of horrid murders now do close,
Of groans and gruesome cries, of wails and woes.
May now the New Year ope with joy and smiles,
With lasting peace to guard from darkest guiles.
No polished gilt, or false pretence, we want-
Of peace, half—hearted, or its hollow cant.
No compromise, of pinchbeck truce we seek,
But equal freedom for the strong and weak.
O Ruler of the world do so ordain,
That foes be crushed for e'er with might and main.
For Thee it is, to grant our humble prayer,
The mind of foes inspire with awe and fear

Thy thunderbolts may chase the foes away,
And by Thy aid the Allies win the day.
With hail and storm bear down the impious heads
Of those who wildly brought their lawless raids.
Our arms on field complete success thus gain
And peace, firm, lasting peace on earth may reign!



THE WAR AND THE PARSIS.

A LESSON FROM ANCIENT PARSI HISTORY.

(A page from Kisse-i-Sanjan).

On the despatch of troops by Sultan Mahomed against the Raja of Sanjan.

A valiant king, endowed with Fortune's dower,
Sat on the royal throne in pomp and power.
All subjects him Great Sultan Mahomed named,
'Mong great and small as "Sultan's Shadow"* famed.
Full many a year elapsed ere he did find
A Prince of Sanjan ruled in Western Ind.
Vazir Alefkhan he addressed one day :—
"My royal wish all subjects must obey.
Go, with an army soon to Sanjan march ;
Its conquest make" :—Thus spake the chieftain arch.
That moment jumped in rage all armed folk,
And issued forth as from the fire smoke.

* Zille Sultan " means the shadow of Sultan *i.e.* Vice-gerant of God.

Then soldiers soon did for the fight prepare,
The falcon banner raised high in the air ;
The precincts of famed Sanjan soon surprised
And Hindu Raja of the march apprised.
Alefkhan soldiers drew from every side,
That spread out far like waves in ocean-tide.
Picked two divisions, thirty thousand each,
All brave and valiant did the confines reach.
At this the Raja swooned and caught a fright,—
But soon remembered of a sacred plight.
He forthwith summoned from the populace,
Both priests and laymen of the Magian race.
To them ev'n thus the goodly Raja spake:—
" What shifts against that mighty foe you'll make,
What strength or art oppose, what measures take,
What wealth or treasure, nay, what lives would stake,
Awake ! arise ! at once to arms awake,
If not for me, still for my grandsires' sáke.
O faithful friends, my sires did you commend,
In your behalf all goodness did extend.

Make then brave stand, my friends, gird up your loins,
Arise and do, what loyalty enjoins.
Now in my troubles you my course must guide,
All arm in arm should stand and fight with pride.
My forbears' obligation now recount,
Come, don your armour, and on horseback mount."
To this responded prompt a Mobed old,—
" Our sacred duty we need not be told.
By this mishap, O king ! be not downcast,
Nor feel dismayed, nor lose thy heart at last.
So long, forsooth ! as one of us retains
The struggling gasping breath that life sustains ;
So long as the last drop of blood remains,
In these our noble blue Kayanian veins,
So long the field we'll smear with foes' blood stains.
To fight with single aim our custom is,
Till life's extinct none will the battle miss.
Prepared alike for ruler's fate to share
Or to the foeman's lance our hearts to bare."
On hearing this the Raja did command

To each brave warrior all his arms to hand.
A count was made, the Parsee force was strong,
Taking all priests and laymen, old and young,
At fourteen hundred on the record stood,
From head to foot all armed and hot in blood,
With sword in hand, in soldier's habitude,
To 'venge their wrongs with burning wrath imbued.
All Parsees walked with rulers with bold pace,
They rushed afield perfidious foe to face.
They drew their arms on their good rulers' side,
With faith and hope their destined fate to bide!

ERZERUM.

THOU key of Asia Minor ! Erzerum ! *
'T is centuries now in sacred Persia Old,
Where Shapoor and just Khusro's armies rolled,
Their foes so rightly met their curseèd doom,
And in their camp was cast a dreadful gloom ;
On that same spot's now made a conquest bold
By Russian troops, where miseries spread untold,
Providing faithless foes a ready tomb !
Let those misguided blindfold Turks now see
How they're deserted in adversity.
Good luck must follow us, our way is free,
To Constantinople and to Victory !
Be this precursor of supreme success
With greater still may Providence soon bless !

* Name of a fort in Roum (ancient Constantinople.)

HIS MAJESTY'S APPEAL TO HIS PEOPLE.

I.

"AT this dark moment in the conflict grave,
Between the freedom-loving Allies brave
And that perfidious, fiendish foe ingrate,
Who years and years in ambush lay in wait,
Now dares infringe the nations' sacred laws
And treats them with contempt as worth two straws,
Who'as changed the ordinance that Europe binds,
Whose acts of lawless brigands well reminds—

II.

" All that my Empire'as done, I admire,
With pride and faith that noble hopes inspire!
My own dear subjects, scattered far and wide,
O'er hill and dale, o'er town and country's side—
Their home, their fortune, ev'n their life and all,
Spontaneously have laid, at Duty's call!—
Make good their sacrifices then, I ask,
To eclipse them be now your sacred task !—

III.

" The goal is far, the end not yet in sight,
Men more and more are needed for the fight,
Reserves we want---our bulwark and our shield,
To keep full strength of armies in the field.
We must toil hard to reach the Promised Land,
In truth, it will our utmost zeal demand,
Until decisive Victory do we gain,
And prove we've fought not for the Right in vain !

IV.

" In gravest crises in our ancient days,
How stern resolve ruled men of British race,
Determined, firm they stood with faith intense,
No vacillation knew nor weak suspense.
ask you, then, ye men of every class,
Once more 'tis yours such records to surpass.
Come forward bold, with free-will and accord,
Go, take your share, and face the foe abhorred.

V.

" Your own response to this appeal I make,
How timely aid will lend, for Freedom's sake,
To those your brothers who have nobly stood
For months and months, and risked their priceless blood,
Fair Britain's past traditions to uphold,
To gain success they've sufferings borne untold,
Go, help them soon, act well your needful part,
Speed to the battle-field, with soul and heart ! "

H. M. THE KING-EMPEROR'S MESSAGE TO THE INDIAN ARMY CORPS.

(Delivered by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.)

"YE gallant men of th' Indian Army corps,
Twelve months ago ye left your native shore,
To fight for me and for my Empire vast,
The honour of my pledged word, to the last.
On the great battle-fields of valiant France,
And Belgium brave while summoned to advance.
Against the Common foe you've justified
So well my confidence, and nobly vied
With British soldiers mine to help my cause,
Without a falter or without a moment's pause.
To offer thanks for these high services
Of yours who for me braved the stormy seas,
I send my gallant son, belov'd, the Prince,
Who doth in you such interest keen evince,

Stood side by side with you and burden shared,
Dangers and hardships of the campaign dared.
British and Indian comrades in arms brave !
My Empire's *izzat's* in your hands to save.
You scorned delights and all your native charms,
And left in th'hour of need your homes and farms.
In toils and troubles yours the fellowship,
'Gainst fearful odds, while even in death's hard grip,
In sufferings great and deeds devoutly done
In days of memorable conflicts won.
In such a horrid warfare now engaged,
And in such new conditions as 'tis waged.
You have attained your own traditions great,
And thus upheld the honour of my State.
Your fortune I have followed with great zeal,
How deep an interest in you I feel.
I've watched your brilliant actions with great pride,
With what you've done how well I'm satisfied.
With you the loss of your loved friends I mourn,
Who silently so much with you have borne.

Ah ! in this thought I constant solace find,
(As 'tis my pride)—that all were of one mind—
These high souled-men at Duty's call how gave,
Their lives in my just cause—those Indians brave.
With safety of the Empire e'er in view,
They died upon the field, as soldiers true.
Their sacrifices great who can forget ?
No King, on earth, hath worthier soldiers met.
Achieving deeds renowned, now France you leave,
Of greater deeds than those full promise give.
Your valour proved will further victories gain,
On other fields your honour well maintain.
I pray to God to watch and guard your track,
To bring you home triumphant safely back.
Each in his family may welcome find,
And round his brow fair Victory laurels bind !

HIS MAJESTY'S CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

1915 A.D.

"ANOTHER Christmas finds engaged in war
The Empire's great resources as before.
On my behalf, and of the Queen to-day,
I wish my heart-felt greetings to convey.
To all on sea and land, who calm and bold,
The honour of the British name uphold.
My Navy brave keeps sleepless watch and ward,
And doth the Empire vast so ceaseless guard.
On it the fate of Freedom well depends,
Its brilliant Princess to the Allies glory lends
My fullest trust in it how I repose,
To mark its course with pride my heart now glows.
My Navy is my never-failing shield,
On it our highest hopes we justly build.

My Armies, too, such pow'r immense do wield,
In France and many a distant battle-field.
On them how I rely with confidence,
And boundless faith—my pillar of defence.
Their valour great will lead—if God it please.—
To Victory and honourable Peace.
To their brave officers and men withal,
Their matchless comrades in the hospital,
For perfect health and safety we express
Our prayers and our gratitude no less.
Another year's now drawing to a close,
As it began, in bloodshed and in woes.
Slow tempts you all the goal for which you fight,
It day by day draws nearer into sight.
Where'er you are, th' Almighty bless you all,
And your great ventures, at stern Duty's call !"

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LORD KITCHENER.

The Sun is shrouded in dark clouds in heaven,
The earth eclipsed is all too sudden cast
In ominous gloom ; the howling waves amassed
And swallowed mighty Kitchener, that even
The world-wide Empire's heart by grief is riven,
By teachery foul or grave mishap at last !
What priceless treasure Kitchener true thou wast,
Betimes by Providence to Britain given,
Thy trusted valued work was nobly done,
Like Atlas borne the burden of the world.
Thou gav'st thy best, thy all, at King's behest,
Thy fame as matchless Organiser won :
Long at the desperate foes defiance hurled,
Now find, O soldier great, thy honoured rest !

June 10th 1916.

Foreign Office,

June 29, 1916.

Dear Sir,

I am requested by Lord Hardinge of Penshurst to express to you his thanks for the booklet forwarded in your letter of the 6th June, and his hope that it will have a large circulation and bring credit to you and to your literary reputation.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) *R. H. Campbell*

Rustum B. Paymaster Esq.

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